

# The Age of Wonders :

## To the Tune of Chivy Chase.

**T**HE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,  
The Devil has learnt to dance;  
The Church from Danger just retriev'd  
By Help brought in from *France*.

Nature's run mad, and Madmen rule,  
The World's turn'd upside down;  
Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,  
And Popery the Crown.

In all the Ages of the World,  
Such Wonders ne'er were seen;  
Papists cry out for th' *English* Church,  
And Rabbles for the Queen.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,  
To heal the bleeding Nation;  
And sends Dissenters to the Dev'l,  
To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church Clergy mounted high,  
Like Sons of *Jehu* drive;  
And over true Religion ride,  
To keep the Church alive.

The Furioso's of the Church  
Come foremost like the Wind;  
And Moderation, out of Breath,  
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm, from Danger to secure,  
To foreign Aid we cry;  
With Papists and Nonjurors join,  
To keep out Popery.

King *William* on our Knees we curse,  
And damn the Revolution;  
And to preserve the Nation's Peace,  
We study its Confusion.

With treacherous Heart and double Tongue,  
Both Parties we adhere to;  
Pray for the Side we swear against,  
And curse the Side we swear to.

To Heaven we for our Sov'reign pray,  
And take the Abjuration;  
But take it *Hocus-Pocus* way,  
With juggling Reservation.

*Sachev'rel* like, with double Face,  
We pray for our Defender;  
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,  
But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,  
And Protestant Succession;  
But if the Devil came for both,  
We'd give him free possession.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wise,  
Good Lord! that you'd but read it;  
'T pulls *Marlbro'* down, to beat the *French*,  
And the Bank, to keep our Credit.

Because our Treasurer was just,  
And House of Commons hearty;  
And neither wou'd betray their Trust,  
Or sell us to a Party:

Our Business is, that neither may  
Their Places long abide in;

But get such chosen in their room,  
As no Man can confide in.

Who shall deserve your mighty Praise  
For Fund, and eke for Loan;  
And may the Nation's Credit raise,  
But never can their own:

Because declaring Rights to reign,  
Our Parliaments have part in;  
We'll have the Queen that Claim disown,  
For one that's more uncertain.

The Restoration to make plain,  
That *Perkin* mayn't miscarry,  
We've wisely wheedl'd up the Queen  
To Right Hereditary.

The Dignity of Parliaments,  
The stronger to imprint in 's;  
We hug the Priest who they condemn,  
And ridicule their Sentence.

In order to discourage Mobs,  
And keep the People quiet;  
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,  
But not a Rogue shall die yet.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite,  
For retrieving *English* Honour;  
His D—s shall have all the Spite  
That Fools can put upon her.

For Battles fought, and Towns reduc'd,  
And Popish Armies broken,  
And that our *English* Gratitude  
May t' future times be spoken:

While fighting for the Nation he  
Looks Danger in the Face,  
We strive t' insult his Family,  
And load him with Disgrace.

Because he's crown'd with Victory,  
And all the People love him;  
We hate the Man for the Success,  
And therefore will remove him.

And now we're stirring up the Mob  
Against a new Election,

That High-Church Members may be choſt  
By our most wise Direction.

That Queens may Parliaments dissolve,  
No doubt 'tis right and just;  
But we have found it out that now,  
Because she may, she must.

The Bankrupt Nation to restore,  
And pay the Millions lent;  
We'll at one dash wipe out the Score,  
With Sponge of Parliament.

Then we can carry on the War,  
With neither Fund or Debit;  
And Banks shall eat us up no more,  
Upon pretence of Credit.

If not, we'll close with Terms of Peace,  
Prescrib'd by *France* and *Rome*;  
That War, being huddled up Abroad,  
May then break out at Home.